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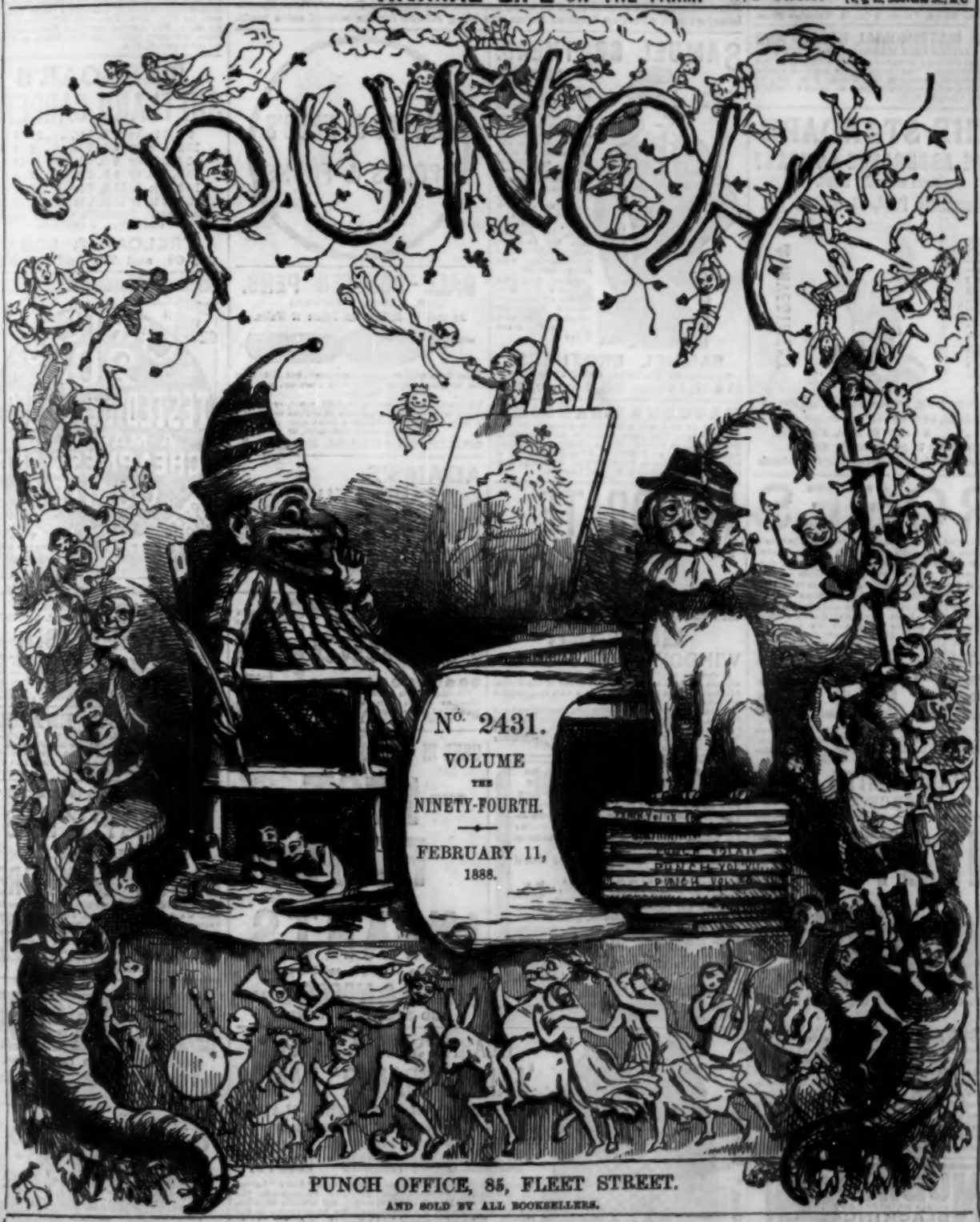


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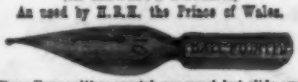

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## NO KING LIKE LOG.

*A True Sailor's Song. Some Way after Dibdin.* AIR—"*Nothing like Grog.*"

LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD *sings:*—

A PLAGUE on those
wooden old lubbers
Who teach us to shirk
and to shrink!
If we of our foes would
be drubbers,
We must not only
fight, we must
*think*.
The Board were all
muffs, and *I* twig-
ged it, [set agog.
And HAMILTON soon
led by Red-Tape's
state rules,
He backed up the
old fools.
I'd have waked the
whole Board, ay,
and wigged it,
For, hang it! I can't
stand King Log!

To save a few thou-
sands of guineas,
They'd ruin the whole
Commonwealth.
They're a lot of incom-
petent ninnies,
Who sap Britain's
safety by stealth.
They will fall in the
pit when they've
digged it.
I gave the old
junto a jog.
I twigged their crass
folly; [SOLLY;
So, no doubt, did
GOSCHEN twigged it,
ah! all of 'em
twigged it;
But—they all knuck-
led down to King
Log!

THE GALLANT TAR C. B. ATTACKING THE ADMIRALTY LAND-LUBBERS.

I fancied they'd yield to my preaching,
But the muffs behind HAMILTON slunk.
Small use to wood dummies is teaching,
They're victims to folly and funk.
I drew out my cutlass, he twigged it,
The whole lot of blockhead's I'd flog.
Yes, S. twigged, and G. twigged,
And HAMILTON, *he* twigged;

And I twigged, and all England twigged it;
And yet I'm chucked out for King Log!

Intelligence? Pah! they're past thinking;
They're ghosts, only fit for the grave.
I'd have smashed the old duffers like winking,
When HAMILTON stepped in to save.

For me, in a moment, I twigged it,
That England they'd land in a bog.
One day, late or early,
JOHN BULL will have fairly
Perceived CHARLEY's right; having twigged it,
By Jove *won't* he go for King Log?

## THE ALDERMAN'S CATECHISM.

*Questions to be answered by Aldermen Elect, before being clothed with the Crimson Robe of Office.*

WHAT age are you supposed to be?
How long have you been that age?
What is your special occupation after your ordinary occupation?
What did you promise and vow when addressing your constituents?
Have you a good cellar of wine?
What is the vintage of your oldest Port?
What is your candid opinion as to dry Champagne?
Are you thoroughly acquainted with Professor TOOLE's *Practice of Magistrates?*
Do you sincerely think that you can dine out four nights a week for six successive months, and still come up smiling?
When reaching home, after a truly gorgeous banquet, do you find any difficulty of a "truly rural" character?
Will you temper justice with mercy in all cases of comparatively mild inebriation?
Have you a thorough knowledge of the Law and Practice of Criminals? If not, why not?
Will you always draw a proper and respectful distinction between a bet for £500 at Tattersall's, and one for a paltry half-crown at a mere vulgar pub?
When do you purpose laying in your wine at the Mansion House in preparation for your Mayoralty?
Which is your favourite Cookery Book?
Have you thoroughly mastered the mysteries of the letter H?
We will not insult you by asking if you are a Teetotaller, but can you take your bottle of '47 Port after dinner like a gentleman?
Can you contemplate without a shudder the taking upon yourself the various arduous duties of a Sheriff?
Have you commenced preparing yourself by joining several Livery Companies?
Will you procure and commit to memory an eloquent form of words expressive of profound gratitude for a Toast to your health?
When Sheriff, will you take especial care that the Old Bailey Luncheons maintain their ancient reputation?
Will you give your whole mind to this important matter?
Have you carefully studied before dinner the difference between the Statutes in confinement and the Statutes at large? If so explain it fully.
Finally, will you promise and vow never to indulge in unseemly jesting or boisterous merriment, as unfitting the character of a present Alderman, a probable Sheriff, and a possible Lord Mayor?

"NETTING THE WYLIE FOR PIKE."—This was the title of a sketch in a recent number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News*. At first sight it sounded somewhat suggestive of certain proceedings at the Grosvenor Gallery in connection with the Hallé-Carrnassus difficulty, but on closer inspection we found it was a piscatorial illustration.

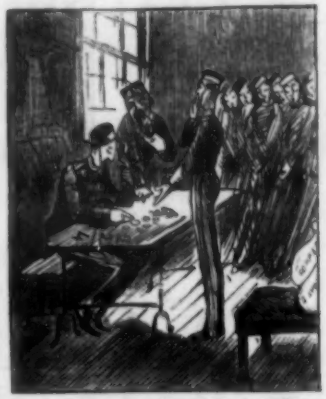
## WITH THE NINTH QUEEN'S ROYAL DANCERS.

*H.R.H. Prince Albert Victor is now very much attached to this Regiment. (A suggestion for an interesting page in "The Graphic," with Mr. Punch's compliments.)*

A March Out. P. A. V. mounted at the head of the Troop.

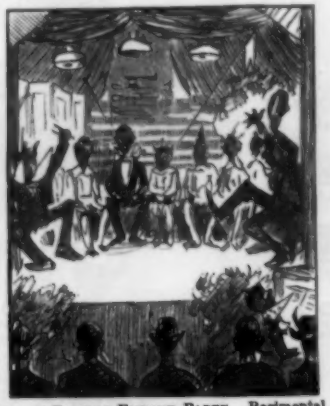
Military Evolution. "Doing it on his head." P. A. V. dismounted, but still at the head of his Troop.

Learning the Art of War. P. A. V.'s Quarters besieged. He defends himself gallantly from first-floor window.



Acquiring Habits of Business. P. A. V. pays his men, and sees that the change is correct.

P. A. V. at a Fatigue Party of the Ninth Queen's Royal Dancers.



Second Part of Fatigue Party. Regimental Smoking Concert. P. A. V. represents "Mr. Johnson," the Middle-man of the "Musical Black Brunswickers."

Third Part of Fatigue Party. P. A. V. playing whist with Col. Dumby. Captain Deucesce respecting and advising.

The Morning after the Fatigue Party. P. A. V. in ambush. He is prevented by a sufficient force from having recourse to the only weapon within his reach.

With the Regimental Drawing-Master. P. A. V. learning to sketch for "The Graphic."

## THEN, NOW, AND HEREAFTER.

*(Three Views of the same Subject.)*

### VIEW I.—The Probable Past.

The Cathedral was filled with worshippers. The organ pealed through the aisles. The stately procession of Monks wended its way through the nave to the altar-steps.

It was then that the Prelate descended from his throne, and leaning on his pastoral staff, raised his right hand to bless the kneeling throng before him.

The sweet tones of the Church music died away, and in a silence solemn and awe-inspiring, the Bones of the Martyr enshrined in gold and precious stones, were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!

### VIEW II.—The Positive Present.

The labourers pulled out the stones from the front of the altar. One of the men suddenly came upon a coffin. With an exclamation of surprise he attracted the attention of his mate.

They had come at length upon the bones!

They were a little startled at the incident. They had expected no such immediate discovery. They just turned over the remains to see that they were not mixed with anything more valuable, and sent for the Authorities.

The Authorities hurried into the crypt, and handled the bones with very natural curiosity. To whom could they belong? Did they belong to him? That was the question.

This long bone seemed part of a good-sized leg. That cranium was evidently a portion of a skull. Had the skull been cracked or broken? Important questions these, and some day to be answered.

But the remains were in a sad condition! They were quite dirty. This was hardly a reason for astonishment. They had laid undisturbed for centuries in their old-fashioned stone-coffin. So the best thing to do was to give them what they most needed—a good washing! So they were washed!

When they were nice and clean they were ready for the anatomist and the expert. But where could they be examined? Not in the confines of a Cathedral Crypt, then why not in the neighbouring house of a local Official? A board on a sofa in the drawing-room would be the very thing!

So without a throng of worshippers, minus the sweet music of an organ, and in defiance of what Public Opinion might say about disinterring human remains, the Bones of the Martyr were placed on the receptacle that had been reserved for them!!

### VIEW III.—The Frowning Future.

The Museum was filled with curiosities. Here was a newspaper five hundred years old. There was a gun that ages ago used to be loaded with steel shot and gunpowder. Yonder was a thing called an anchor that the mariners of olden times were wont to employ to tether their water-boats to the sea-bound shore.

Two men were handling some human remains. A third held a book filled with entries. All three expressed curiosity, and closely examined the labels attached to the interesting exhibits.

To whom could they have belonged? Were they once the frame-work of a giant? Had they come from a battle-field?

The three men shook their heads. They did not know! There was no one handy to consult! No! There was no one handy to consult! No! Not even an anatomical expert! No! Not even a prying member of a Cathedral Chapter! The remains had better be put in a case labelled "Miscellaneous." So without the smallest mark of respect, without the least show of ecclesiastical splendour, without a chance of challenging Public Opinion, the Bones of the Martyr were placed in the receptacle that had been reserved for them!!!

**"BOUND TO PART."**

The Double Irish Jig as danced (à la "Double Hornpipe in Fetters,") by those accomplished Artistes the Marquis of Ribbon and the "St. Just of the Gladstonian Party,"—"We thank thee, Goschen, for teaching us that word,"—Last week, at Dublin.

---

Mrs. Ram is going to take a class at a Sunday School. She told her niece, "I shall hear the children their cataplasms and instruct them in the three creeds, which my dear, as the Bishop said in his sermon the other day, are the Epistles' Creed, The Lyceum, and the Farinaceous Creed."

---

Unprofitable.—Speculating on a "dead certainty."

---

A Popular Cry.—Palaces for the People! A South London Palace, a North London Palace, an East London Palace, a West London Palace—so many Palaces for the People of London. Why not also so many balls and sceptres, so many crowns, and plenty of them for his Majesty the London People? But then, for the multitudes of the People unemployed that want bread, what will, Palaces at all quarters of the compass prove, but piles of stone that will not feed them?

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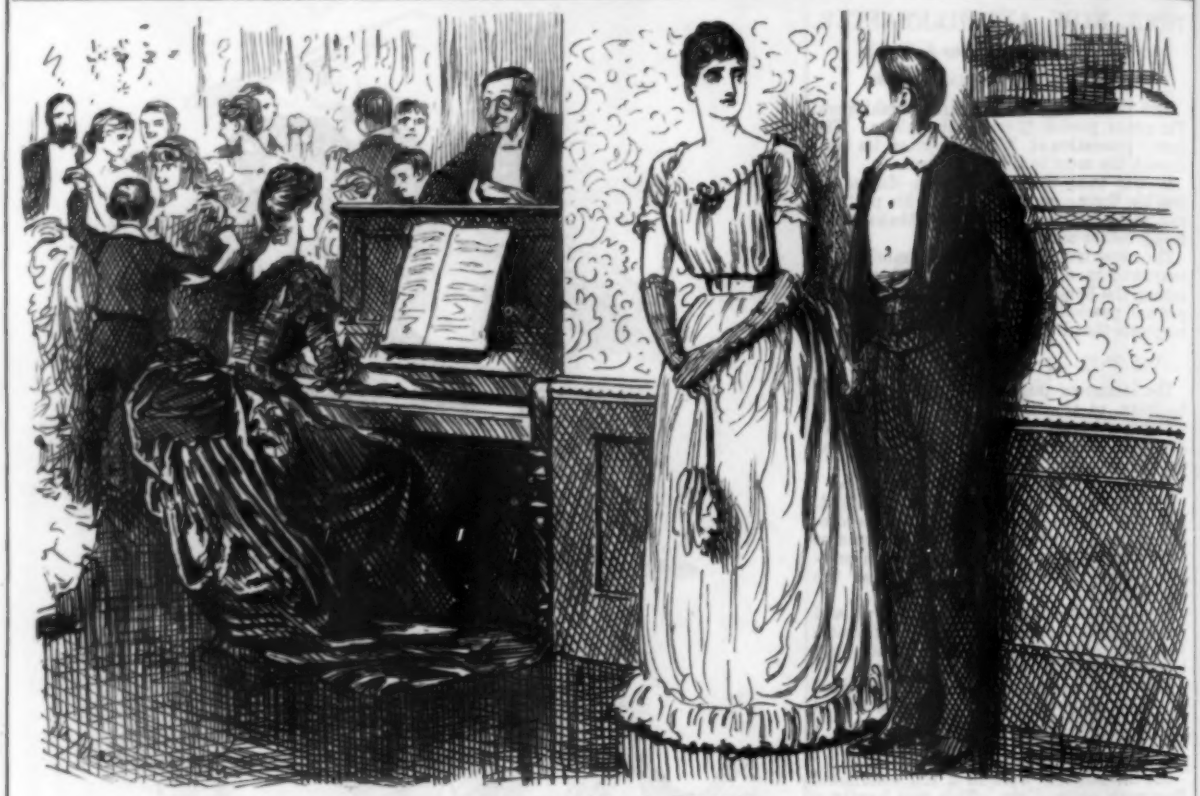
"To Wykehamistus."—Our Classical Boy has returned to school. We have sent him your letter, and hope to hear from him next week.—Ed.



## YOUNG LOVE'S DREAM.

*Bobbie (sentimentally, to his Cousin, whom he adores).* "Maud, won't you give me some *Souvenir* of yourself to take back to School with me?" *Maud.* "Why, Bobbie dear, of course I will!"

*Bobbie (with much pathos).* "And you 'll let it be something to *Eat*, Dear, *won't* you?"

## IN THE ARENA.

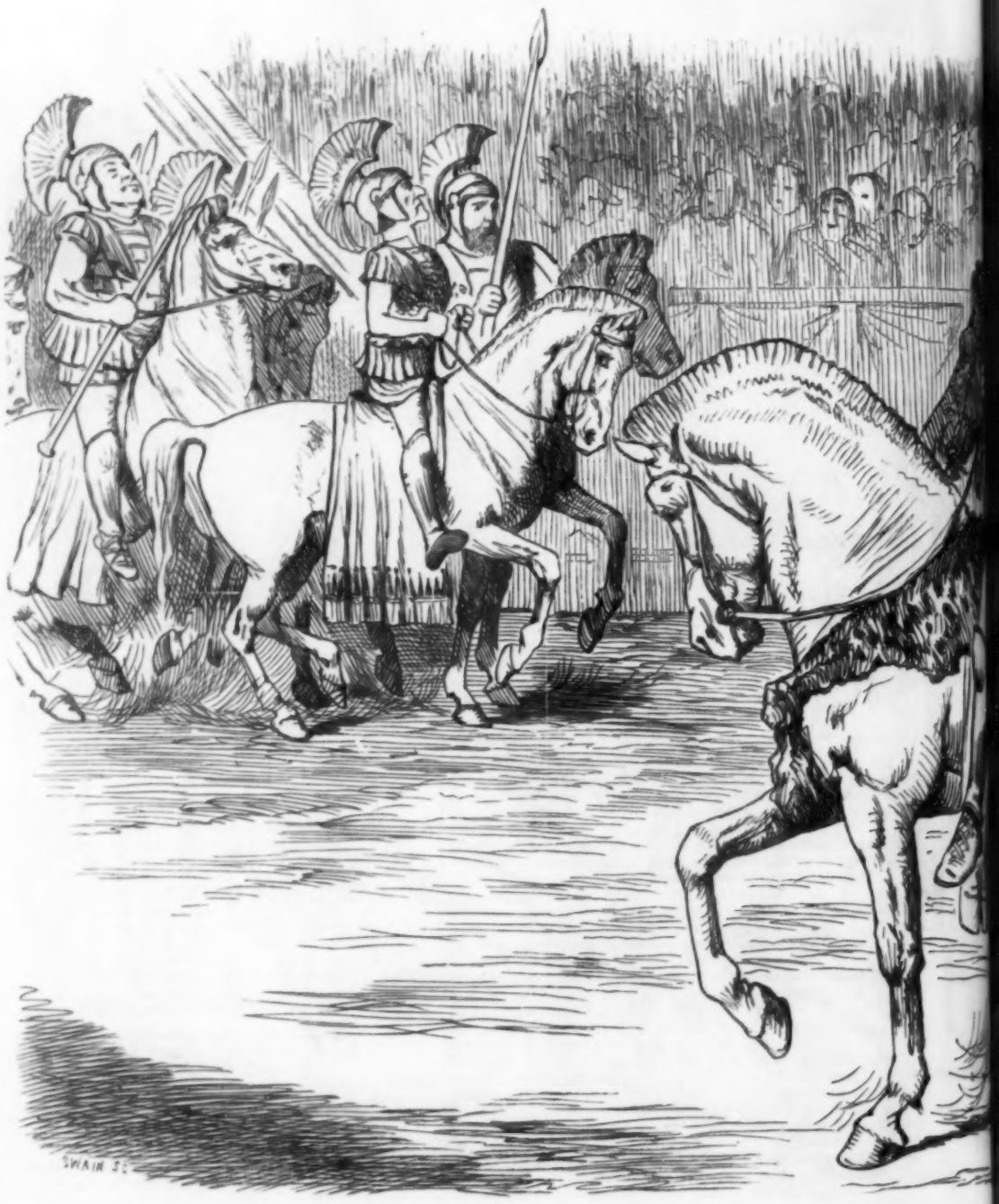
### The "Parade" Before the Conflict.

Ho! trumpets blare forth bravely, ho! banners proudly flout!
Cool critics loll expectant, spectators swarm and shout!
For lo! short truce is over, and lately sundered foes,
Once more in the arena will counter, clash, and close.
The echoes of the battle when last they trod the sand,
The tramp of eager horsemen, the clang of biting brand,
Seem scarcely to have left us, and now, before the Spring
Has come with burst of blossom, has filled with flush of wing,
Ere Valentine the Vernal hath trod the ancient tracks,
His burthens laid on lovers, and eke on postman's backs,
Ere snow hath left the branches, ere green hath lit the boughs,
We may look out for ructions, and we must list to rows.

Muse, this is scarcely classic, it smacks of Cockney slang,
Not thus had sung old Homer of battle's crush and clang;
Not thus sublime Alcæus had chanted the great day,
When "halls from floor to rafter glitter with war's array." [snow,
But now our "white-plumed helmets," shine not with unsmirched
And though we've "shields emblazoned," "Chalcidian blades enow,"
And war's "well-tried protectors from hostile spear" and dart,
Heroes seem less heroic, with less of heart than art.
And classic exaltation, and chivalry's intense
Ecstatic high-faluting, and rapt magniloquence,
Require a little toning, in colour and in phrase,
To fit them to the fighters of later lesser days.

Yet in this huge arena heroic figures shine;
Such sure is thine, Gladstonius; Cæcilius, such is thine!
Achilles and great Hector might well have flushed with joy
To counter foes so worthy afar by windy Troy.
(Our Troy, indeed, is "windy"—in quite another sense;
Their Æolus meant power, ours mainly flatulence.)
Cæcilius on his war-horse full proudly praneeth round—
He doth not show like shrinking, nor look like giving ground;
And at his back, all brawny, and stolid, and serene
(An armour-bearer stouter hath been right seldom seen),
Comes low-lipped Hartingtonius, ready with shield, or crest,
Or sword, or spear, or javelin, as may be in request.
These eyeing stern and steady, as fighters foemen eye,
Comes wintry-lock'd Gladstonius, game still the lists to try
Against whatever comer, erect, and gaunt of limb,
With glance exceeding fiery, and jaw exceeding grim;
*His* armour-bearer, also, is ready at his heel,
With breadth of bossy buckler, and length of shining steel;
Parnellius the Placid, with pallid cheek and cold,
With calm eye ever watchful, and chill front ever bold.
When these anon encounter in full and fiery tilt,
Be sure that steel shall splinter, and ruddy blood be spilt.
"Who—who in the aforetime had ever thought to see
These heroes *so* attended?" museth the herald, *P.*
And other chiefs of valour though lower in their grade,
Array in the arena, and prance in the parade.
Comes Smithius the smug-faced, him of the settled smirk,
Balfourius "the brave," too, one never known to shirk
Sword-thrust, or spare his foeman though prostrate and disarmed,
Goschenius, erst henchman of Gladstonius, till charmed
From him the white-lock'd Wonder, but now his fiercest foe,
Save Chamberlanius, better beknown as Brummijo,
Who beards his ancient Chieftain with even more of ire,
And backs his ancient foeman with yet more zealous fire.
Not so the stout Harcourtius, him of the triple chin,
He backs the "Grand Old Manlius," as one who's bound to win,
Old Manlius Gladstonius, when others shy or sulk,
And loads the ancient war-horse with big complacent bulk.
And others follow after him of the snowy crest,
Morleius the mordant, bravest amongst the best,
Gallant Spencerius Rufus, the loyallest of hearts,
And—but the clarion brayeth, the martial pageant starts.

How, now will fare the battle, how will the conflict end? [friend?
Which foe will slay which foeman, which friend will smash which




IN THE

THE "PARADE"

ARENA.

THE CONFLICT.

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When sword with sword shall counter, and shield shall clash with shield,
Which side shall kiss the sawdust, which host shall hold the field, [to say,
A Muse which was prophetic perchance might dare
Let ours, which is more modest, stand by and mark the fray.

## MR. PUNCH'S EXAMINATION PAPERS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### NURSERY RHYME PAPER.

1. GIVE some account, in your own words, of the domestic difference between Mr. and Mrs. John Sprat. In what manner was a compromise finally arrived at?

2. What was the *menu* (or bill of fare) of the wedding-breakfast on the marriage of Cock Robin with Jenny Wren? What was the fate of the bridegroom? Who were the principal witnesses of the tragedy? Who acted as, (1) Shroud-maker, (2) Undertaker, (3) Grave-digger, (4) Parson, (5) Bell-ringer, on this melancholy occasion?

3. "*Who comes here?*" "*A Grenadier!*" Explain the object of his visit. How was he addressed in consequence?

4. Mention the various manners in which pease-pudding can be prepared for table.

5. What were the chief horticultural products of the garden of "Mary, quite contrary"? Can they be accounted for by any reference to her disposition?

6. Give the favourite food of (*a*) Handy Spandy Jack-a-Dandy; (*b*) Little Jack Horner; (*c*) Little Miss Muffet; (*d*) Simple Simon; (*e*) The Man in the Moon; (*f*) The Rat, and the Frog who would a-wooing go.

7. How many errands were run by Mother Hubbard on her dog's account? On one occasion she is recorded to have gone to the joiner's—for what? and how did she find the dog engaged on her return? Have you any reason for believing that the dog was *not* a Teetotaller?

8. What was the correct answer to the question asked by the Man in the Wilderness?

9. Give the exact quantity, and destination, of Black Sheep's wool.

10. Relate any circumstances you remember connected with the possession of a Crooked Sixpence.

11. Write down the names of *all* the tunes with which Tom the Piper's Son is said to have been acquainted.

12. Trace the various processes which are required before the old woman's pig could be induced to get over the stile. What was the original cost of this pig?

13. A certain cat went to London to look at the QUEEN. Do we possess any, and what, account of the manner in which she employed herself on this occasion?

14. To what would you compare "a man of words, and not of deeds?"

15. Describe the rigging, crew, and cargo, of the ship commanded by a duck that was once observed "a-sailing on the sea."

16. Mention any singularity that occurs to you in the appearance of the lady who was to be seen riding in the neighbourhood of Banbury Cross? How was (1) the person who went to see her, (2) the lady herself, mounted?

17. In what respect was the condition of the little pig who went to market better than that of the little pig who remained at home?

18. Enumerate the chief contents of the House that Jack built, and give some account of the principal persons who resided in its vicinity.

19. Contrast the characters of Tommy Green and Tommy Trout (or Stout), and give a short account of Robbin the Bobbin, Peter Piper, Thomas-a-Tatamus, Robin and Richard, Margery Daw, Little Jumping Joan, Mother Goose and her Son Jack.

20. What celebrated character excused himself from singing in society on the ground that "a cold had made him as hoarse as a hog?" Should you be most inclined to ascribe this to—(i.) offence at the manner in which the request was made? (ii.) affectation, and a desire to be further pressed? (iii.) an honest statement of the literal truth? or (iv.) a mere excuse, intended to conceal a natural want of vocal talent? Give reasons for your answer. (N.B. *Candidates are not required to attempt more than one-fourth of the above questions.*)

## THE PARLIAMENTARY OWL (GENUS "COMMONS;" SPECIES SMITHIAN) PREPARING TO POUNCE.

WHEN M.P.'s come at the Party call,
When WILL from Florence fair doth hail;
When shindy wakes in St. Stephen's Hall,
When Tories row and Rads do rail;
When blood comes hot, and speech flows foul,
Then eager sits the staring Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
How on the pounce his eyes do gloat!

When bores blare forth and boasters blow,
And jeering drowns discursive jaw;
When PEEL sits brooding, brows bent low,
And HEALY's nose is cock'd at Law;
When hot Home-Rulers hiss and growl,
Then nightly sits the watchful Owl,
Tu-whit;
Tu-who;—a warning note!
He's on the pounce; they'll catch it hot!

## "JACK'S ALIVE!"

WHO killed JOHN MADDISON MORTON? "I," says the *Saturday Review*, "in my article on LABICHE, January 28." But who saw him alive? "I did," says *Mr. Punch*, "quite recently;" and we are informed that "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON," as the Saturday Reviewest called him, is still "all alive O," and is one of the dispersed Charterhouse Brethren, quite cosy and comfortable. Not so very long ago he was present as a visitor at a meeting of "The Urban Club." Long live JOHN MADDISON MORTON! But *à propos* of LABICHE, JOHN MADDISON MORTON's *Box and Cox* is something more than a mere adaptation of *Frisette*,—though, we admit, that a small but telling portion of its dialogue is simply literally translated,—because MADDISON MORTON possessed an original style of dialogue, *nihil tetigit quod non Maddisonavit*, and in this instance, unless we have been for many years much mistaken (in which case "the late Mr. MADDISON MORTON" will be in time to correct us), he used two pieces besides the operetta *Frisette* (to which class of entertainment the farce returned under the inverted title of *Cox and Box*, with SULLIVAN's immortal music and an entirely new character, *Sergeant Bouncer*)—and J. M. M. "combined the information" in the concocting of *Box and Cox*. But MADDISON MORTON deserves literary and dramatic immortality if only for having invented the title *Box and Cox*. LABICHE's *Frisette* has long since been forgotten, but MORTON's *Box and Cox* lives and flourishes, and will live—as will also *Cox* and (*the musical*) *Box*—to delight ages yet unborn.

THE PROPHETIC WILLIAM.—"Who's MARK H. JUDGE, who wrote a letter to 'the Board of (Faith without) Works,' with the terms of which it wouldn't comply?" "Well, I don't exactly know of what race or religion he may be," replied his friend; "but SHAKSPEARE must have had him in his mind's eye when he made *Gratiano* say, 'MARK JUDGE, a learned Jew!'"

"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."—Very dangerous practice, specially when there are trains coming.

APPROPRIATE AMUSEMENT FOR LENT.—Visits to the Loan Collections. Old Masters still on view.

"NUMBER ONE."

*Bridegroom* (*on their way to Paris*). "You 're sure you 're quite warm and comfortable, Love!" *Bride.* "Oh yes, Dear—quite."

*Bridegroom.* "I don't like to see you sitting with your Back to the Engine, Darling. You don't feel any Draught!" *Bride.* "Oh, not the slightest!"

*Bridegroom* (*who does!*). "Then, Sweetest, would you mind Changing Places——!!!"

## "THANKS FOR KIND INQUIRIES."

Sir,—Amongst advertisements which murally decorate the stations of the most useful District Railway, has been appearing one headed Olympia, and underneath this, in staring capitals, the words "Last Month!" Now, Sir, what is the use of advertising "last month?" Who cares what went on last month at Olympia? If the show is to attract, let them announce what is going on "this month." Yours, &c., Key Say.

Sir,—I don't go much into the theatrical world, so I want to know from you is the report true that Mr. Gillie Farquhar, the actor, late of the Vaudeville, has come into a large fortune and is going to have a benefit? One Who Doesn't Know.

Several kind inquirers signing themselves "Messrs. Wye, Warefor & Co.," write as follows:—

"*Why*" *the First.*—When a man has been undergoing penal servitude for several years, on the discovery that he has been unjustly sentenced, and is entirely innocent of the crime laid to his charge, *Why* does he receive the "Queen's pardon?"

"*Why*" *the Second.*—In the above instance, *Why* doesn't the unfortunate victim receive "the Queen's Ample Apology," and a handsome pension for life?

"*Why*" *the Third.*—The Lord Mayor has a Remembrancer, *Why* should not the Queen have an Apologist?

"*Why*" *the Fourth.*—When a man is condemned to death on evidence considered unsatisfactory by the Judge, and evidently so by the public, *Why* is he reprieved and sent into penal servitude?

"*Why*" *the Fifth.* *Why* is he not acquitted?

"*Why*" *the Sixth.* If this is the Law of the Land, *Why* isn't it altered at once?

## "WHERE 'S RAMSGATE?"

[*Mr. Justice Hawkins.* Where is Ramsgate?
*Mr. Dickens.* It is in Thanet, your Lordship.
*Report of Twyman* v. *Bligh.*]

"Where's Ramsgate?" Justice Hawkins cried.
"Where on our earthly planet?"
The learned Dickens straight replied,
"'Tis in the Isle of Thanet.

"Ramsgate is where the purest air
Will make your head or leg well,
Will jaded appetite repair
With the shrimp cure of Pegwell.

"Where's Ramsgate? It is near the place
Where Julius Cæsar waded,
And nearer still to where his Grace
Augustine come one day did.

"All barristers should Ramsgate know:
I speak of it with pleasure,"
Quoth Dickens. "There I often go
When wanting a refresher.

"Where's Ramsgate? Where I've often seen
Both S-me-rne and Du M-r-er,
When I have gone by 3·15
Granville Express, Victorier.

"With Thanet Harriers, when you are
Well mounted on a pony,
You'll say, for health who'd go so far
As Cannes, Nice, or Mentone?

"With Poland, of the Treasury,
Recorder eke of Dover,
I oft go down for pleasurey,
Alack! 'tis too soon over!

"O'er Thanet's Isle where'er you trudge,
My Lud, you'll find no land which——"
"Dickens take Ramsgate!" quoth the Judge.
"Luncheon! I'm off to Sandwich!"

"Wondrous Kind."—Two cards of admission to the Church of All Saints, Lambeth, for a "Solemn Office," on the occasion of the Centenary of "The Young Pretender," (January 31) were forwarded to our Office, which is not a "solemn" one. *Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge their receipt, and fully appreciates Dr. Lee's sympathy with a Pretender, whether young or old, past or present.

The Petition against admission of Women to degrees at Cambridge, has been sent round for signature. The basis of the petition is that they have already more than Three Graces of the Senate. Such extra graces as the Ladies would bring with them being superfluous, might result in dis-graces.

*House of Commons, Tuesday Night.* Having a rehearsal to-night of our Opening Day on Thursday. Things a little mixed, as appears from sketch taken on spot by Own Artist. But of course on these occasions, when Strangers' Galleries are cleared, we do pretty much as we like. Speaker, as will be seen, is in high spirits. A little conscious, I fancy, of advantageous set-off of his figure against Lord Chancellor. But Hardinge Giffard doesn't mind.

"I approach opening of Session with easy conscience, Dear Toby," he said, just now. "Haven't held office more than two years, and can lay my hand on my heart and say there's not an uncle, a cousin, or an aunt that I haven't seen comfortably provided for. Can I do anything for you, old boy? Like to be a Registrar, County Court Judge, or anything else in unobtrusive but comfortably-salaried way? Think it over and drop me a line."

Nice fellow, Halsbury! As Coleridge says, he adds dignity to the Woolsack, and his relations to the list of our salaried officials.

Gladstone here, fresh from Florence; also Grandolph, inflated with the confidences of the Czar. Says it's "all a flam" about his proposing to settle the Bulgarian Question by succeeding Ferdinand. "Person I'm going to succeed," says Grandolph, "is the Markiss. Shall begin at earliest opportunity to commence operations for unseating him."

Grandolph very confident, but rather quails under eye of Arthur Balfour, who walks gloomily around. All very well to propose to himself awkward motions on foreign affairs. But suppose Balfour were to clap him into prison for a couple of months? Suggest this to Grandolph. He, in his conversational way, says "Gammon!" but evidently seriously perturbed. Noticed he took opportunity later of effusively shaking hands with W. H. Smith, inquiring with friendly concern after health of Markiss, and proceeded at some length to discuss prospects of the Session. Just to keep his hand in, Smith pounced, and on a Division question put—Which side of the House shall we be sitting on when new Session of 1889 opens? *Answer Given.*—None.

RESULT OF THE UNIVERSITIES' RACE.

(*According to Mr. Goschen.*)

Athletics—1. Latin Verses—2. Intellectual Interest—0.

## TAKEN AT A DISADVANTAGE;

*Or, What it might come to any day, if affairs should happen to be left in the hands of an "Unintelligence Department."*

*A Chamber at the Admiralty.* Responsible Official *discovered settling himself down to a comfortable perusal of the "Times." He leisurely surveys it for a moment, when he suddenly starts up from his seat as if shot.*

Goodness gracious! What's this? (*Reading.*) "War declared by France last night." "Gibraltar invested by a French Fleet." "Fifteen ironclads and fifty torpedo-boats assembled at Brest." "The command of the Channel threatened!" Dear me, I dare say now they don't know it at Portsmouth. This is really very awkward. I wonder, by the way, what I did with that list of available ships. (*Fumbles at several pigeonholes, and finally touches hand-bell. Enter a* Well-organised Clerk.) Ha! Mr. Jones, I suppose you've heard the news? War declared. Channel threatened by the French. Most awkward piece of business. It's all in the papers.

*Well-organised Clerk* (*smiling*). Really, Sir? I haven't heard it yet mentioned in the Office. War with France! It sounds quite like a romance. [*Smiles again.*

*Responsible Official.* Just so. But I suppose the Board have had some intimation of the fact. Though (*reflectively*), now I come to think of it, I don't suppose they have. You had better send round the usual letter. [*Uproar without.*

*Well-organised Clerk.* I scarcely think, Sir, that will be necessary, as I fancy I hear the voices of some of "my Lords," even now, upon the stairs. (*Opens the door.*) Ah! here they are.

[*A bevy of Lords of the Admiralty pour into the room gesticulating wildly, and engaged in a fierce and recriminatory altercation.*

*Lords of the Admiralty* (*in confused chorus, all together*). Ah! I knew what it was coming to! Well, why didn't you open your mouth about it? What business is that of yours, I should like to know! Who says we haven't got the guns ready? I said it was the powder. The best thing you can do is to "shut up." Ho! would you? A precious "sea" Lord you are! Why you're nothing but a land-lubber! It's all your doing, and I'll prove it. Oh, hold your row!

*Responsible Official* (*at last getting a word in*). Well, my Lords, I suppose, as things appear to have arrived at—ahem!—a crisis (*uproar*), that you have come for some—some ar—information as to how we are prepared—I might say, ready to meet it. [*Renewed uproar.*

*First Lord* (*getting a hearing*). That's it. In the first place, how are we off on the home stations for ships?

*Responsible Official.* How are we off? Ah! to be sure. Of course. (*Fumbling at pigeonholes.*) I had a list, I fancy, dealing with something of the sort, here the other day, but I can't, for the life of me, put my hand on it. Do you remember, Mr. Jones, what we did with that list?

*Well-organised Clerk* (*after some reflection*). I fancy, now you come to mention it, Sir, that Mr. Robinson sent it to Sheerness a few weeks ago. I think they wanted it for some reason or other. [*Uproar.*

*First Lord.* Really, this is abominable. Can you tell us whether we have a single ship available for the protection of the Channel? [*Jeers.*

*Responsible Official.* Well, my Lord, I shouldn't like to say for certain: but, I should hope so (*slightly nettled*). You cannot reasonably expect this Department to tell you everything. But I will telegraph for information to Portsmouth. [*Does so.*

*Second Lord.* But what is the condition of the First Reserve? Come, surely you can tell us that? [*Uproar.*

*Third Lord.* And what instructions have you sent to the Commanders of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons? [*Jeers and shouts.*

*Fourth Lord.* What orders have been despatched to the Mediterranean Fleet? [*Groans.*

*Fifth Lord.* Is there a ton of powder in store anywhere? [*Laughter.*

*Sixth Lord.* Have we any guns at all? And if we have—will they go off? [*Roars of laughter.*

*Responsible Official* (*carried away by the general geniality, but recovering himself*). Really, my Lords, you overwhelm me with your questions. Why, some of them, as you must be well aware, would take months to answer. You can't expect a parcel of civilians, who are responsible for these things, to have them at their fingers' ends. Why, the Director of Naval Ordnance is the only one of us who has any professional assistance to help him. We mayn't make much of it, my Lords, but we do our best. (*Cries of "Oh! oh!" jeers, and uproar. Messenger enters hurriedly with several telegrams. Three are from the Commanders respectively of the China, Pacific, and African Squadrons, saying they have "just heard of the outbreak of hostilities, that they are out of coals and ammunition, and are waiting instructions, which must, however, be sent out by sea, as after the despatch of their respective messages the wires will be cut." The fourth is from the Admiral in command at Portsmouth.*)

*Responsible Official* (*eagerly opening it*). Ha! now we shall know how we are prepared in the Channel. This is from Portsmouth. The Admiral in command telegraphs (*reads*):—"Only vessels here H.M.S. *Bilgewater*, in dock, with her bottom off; *Tarpaulin*, laid up with her boilers burst; *Racket*, ditto, waiting her new screw; and the *Battledore*. She might be got out, but she's still short of three of her guns, and the shell that's been put aboard for those she has got is two sizes too big; but she has got a Nordenfeldt and a couple of Gatlings that only jam now and then; and though there's something wrong with her crank that makes her only cover seven knots in the hour, yet, take her all round, she's as tidy a craft as has been turned out of the yard for some time now, and might have a chance of getting safe up the Channel if there was a bit of a fog on, and the enemy didn't keep his weather-eye too wide open. Wire instructions. Shall I send her off, or keep her at Spithead to protect the Ryde Steamboat Company?"

[*Frantic uproar, amid which, after threats, imprecations, and general recrimination all round, it is decided that the "Battledore," and as many of the vessels of the Ryde Steamboat Company as "she can get to accompany her," shall proceed forthwith to Brest, and do their best to blockade the French Fleet, pending the six months or so it may take the "Department" to get things a little more organised and in hand to meet the immediate necessities consequent on a sudden outbreak of war.*

## FAIR AND FOWL!

[Miss Helen Ratcliffe summoned the Reverend Hugh Haweis before a Magistrate because the crowing of a cock belonging to the Reverend Gentleman disturbed her. The case was adjourned for settlement. But on Friday last it was reported that the Hen-house had been burglarised, and that the offending Chanticleer had vanished.]

That bird of Haweis's
Did make such noi-ises,
Neighbours are glad it is gone;
Playing "Jim Crow" on his
Fiddle, and so on, is
Haweis lamenting alone.

Cheer up, Hugh Haweis, Sir,
Uncertain Law is, Sir.
Says Helen, "Are Burglars' crew
(Bird beyond ken o' me
'Held by the Hen-emy')
Cock-sure to crow over Hugh?"

## Innocent Food.

This advertisement was found in *The Liverpool Mercury*, Jan. 27:—

WANTED, at end of February, a NURSE, able to bottle a baby.

We do not think this was meant cruelly, yet it is liable to be misunderstood. Who, (except perhaps a Cannibalistic gourmet) ever heard of "Bottled Baby?" The nearest approach to it in sound is *Bootle's Baby*, and that certainly was uncommonly good.

Holely Satisfactory.—The Very Rev. Dr. Hole was installed as Dean in Rochester Cathedral, Mayor and Corporation attending in State. That is, in the best state they could. In Rochester Cathedral Body Dean Hole won't do things by halves.

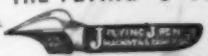
☞ NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

Beware of the party offering Imitations of

**MACNIVEN & CAMERON'S PENS.**

"may come as a boon and a blessing to men, the Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen."
*Orion Times.*

"THE FLYING 'J' PEN."




Sold Everywhere.

"pen which will write 100 words with one dip of ink.

*Sample Box, with all kinds, by Post,* 1s. 1d.

PATENTEES:
MACNIVEN & CAMERON,
22, Blair St., Edinburgh. (Estd. 1770.)
MAKERS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

By Special Royal and Imperial Warrant.

Purveyor of Pure Wool Fabrics. By Royal and Imperial Warrant. Under the Direct Patronage of the Royal Families of Europe, and the Rank and Fashion of the World.

**REFINED DRESS.**

EGERTON BURNETT'S

Real Serges and Other Fashionable Fabrics, entirely New Artistic Designs and High-Class Suitings in Pure Wool, for the coming Season. Unsurpassed for Beauty, Novelty, and Sterling Worth.—Admirable Wearing Qualities.—Perfect Fit.—Superb Fast Dye. The Immense Variety of Patterns comprise specialities for Ladies, Children, and Gentlemen—to suit all Climates, all Fashions, and all purses.

**FREE PATTERNS.**

Lengths Sold. Carriage Paid on Orders of 20s. and above to any part of the United Kingdom.
No Agents or Middle-Men Employed.

EGERTON BURNETT,
Wellington, Somerset, England.

Knight of Honour, 1878. Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883. Gold Medals and other distinctions.

**JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS**

from 30 Guineas upwards.
18, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.
Lists Free.

A Phosphatic Food for Delicate Children.

**SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD.**

The original preparation of the late EDWARD PARRISH, for which SQUIRE & SONS were for 20 years the Sole Agents, and for the last 13 years have been the authorised manufacturers.

In Bottles, 2/-, 3/6 & 6/- each, of Chemists
Or by Parcels Post free direct from
SQUIRE & SONS,
HER MAJESTY'S CHEMISTS,
413, Oxford Street, London.

HIGHEST AWARD
Apollinaris
HEALTH EXHIBN 1884.

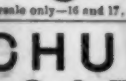
**DR. LAVILLE'S LIQUEUR.**
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS.)
THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC FOR CURE OF
**GOUT & RHEUMATISM.**
One Bottle sufficient for two to three months' treatment.
PRICE 9s. EVERYWHERE.
Or Free by Post (with the Pamphlet).
ROBERTS & CO., 76, New Bond Street, London.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

"Ram Jove! This Potter fixes proper!"

The ABSOLUTE PERFECTION of a Brace. SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH, and EASE attained WITHOUT ELASTIC by means of COVERED SPIRAL SPRINGS, the special Covering protecting the Clothing from any possible injury.

SEE that each 'POTTER' BRACE bears this Buckle




Wholesale only—16 and 17, Cheapside, London, E.C.

**CHUBB'S SAFES**
WILL PREVENT
**JEWEL ROBBERIES**
Price Lists sent free.
128, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;
68, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

A PLEASURE TO USE.
Never Requires Grinding.

REGISTERED.

Mr. Hen. Irving writes: "I find your razors excellent."

THE **KROPP** REAL GERMAN HOLLOW-GROUND **RAZOR.**
In Case, complete, Black Handle, 5/6; Ivory Handle, 7/6
From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depôt, 51, Frith St., Soho Sq., Lond., W.

TO SAVE THE TEETH, USE DAILY
**THOMPSON & CAPPER'S DENTIFRICE WATER.**
In 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. 6d. bottles.
Beware of Injurious Imitations.
THOMPSON & CAPPER, Chemists,
58, Bold Street, Liverpool,
and 51, Piccadilly, Manchester.

**DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.**
For ACIDITY of the STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.
180, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
**EPPS'S**
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
**COCOA**
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

**CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY**
(LIMITED).
SIX PRIZE MEDALS FOR IRISH WHISKY. First Prize Medal, Philadelphia, 1876; Gold Medal, Paris, 1878; First Prize Medal, Sydney, 1879; Three Prize Medals, Cork, 1883.
"VERY fine, full flavor and Good Spirit."—Jurors' Award, Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, 1876.
"UNQUESTIONABLY as fine a specimen as one could wish to see."—Jurors' Award, Cork Exhibition, 1883.
THIS FINE OLD IRISH WHISKY may be had of the principal Wine and Spirit Dealers, and is supplied to wholesale merchants in casks and cases by
CORK DISTILLERIES COMPANY
(LIMITED), MORRISON'S ISLAND, CORK.

**KURE-QUIC**
THE NEW QUININE TONIC "PICK-UP."
TALK OF LONDON. GREAT COLD CURE.
Restores Strength, removes all traces of Fatigue, and gives a Bright, Healthy appearance to the Features.
SPLENDID "PICK-UP" FOR MORNINGS AFTER A BALL, DINNER, OR CONCERT.
**KURE-QUIC**
2s. 6d. per Bottle. OF ALL CHEMISTS.

HOOPING COUGH.—ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Edwards & Son, 157, Queen Victoria Street (formerly of 67, St. Paul's Churchyard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.—The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using ÆRINE. Sold only by W. WINTER, 473, Oxford St., London. Price 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair ÆRINE is invaluable.

THE BENEDICTINS LIQUID
**ELIXIR DENTIFRICE**
TOOTH POWDER AND TOOTH PASTE.
Prices from 1s. 6d. to 8s. From all Perfumers or Chemists; wholesale only, 51, Frith St., London, W.

**S. & H. HARRIS'S**
HARNESS COMPOSITION (Waterproof).
SADDLE PASTE (Waterproof.)
EBONITE BLACKING (Waterproof). For Boots, Shoes, Harness, and all Black Leather Articles.
POLISHING PASTE. For Cleaning Metals and Glass.
Sold by all Saddlers, Grocers, and Ironmongers. Manufactory: 57, MANSELL STREET, LONDON, E.

**FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED SOLUBLE COCOA**
"It has a delicious flavor."—A. P. B. Moore, M.D.

"Rich in Phosphates."—Baron Liebig.
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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 86, Loraine Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—Saturday, February 11, 1888.